

WOMEN OF ARMY AND THE PRESIDENT'S WIFE

Wives of Generals Bell and Edwards Chief Among Social Leaders at White House.

GOLD LACE HAS GREAT HEYDAY

Presidential Affairs Made Gay Through Presence of Land and Sea Fighters of Nation.

Washington correspondence:

When Mrs. Taft, in her official role as first lady of the land, surrounded herself with a coterie of the cleverest and brightest officers of the twin branches of the service, everybody in Washington society recognized that the era of the army and navy set had arrived. In brave array the military men form a moving background at Mrs. Taft's at home, and in their immaculate dress the officers of the land and sea forces are a splendid attribute at Mrs. Taft's fascinating garden parties.

At the White House entertainments scarcely has the line of guests passed until Mrs. Taft is surrounded by a group of officers and their wives, daughters and sweethearts, whose persiflage and laughter instantly dissipate any indication of an oppressive or a "military" perfunctoriness.

Replacing Col. Bromwell, who with Mrs. Bromwell were dominant factors in the social life of the capital in the last administration, is Col. Spencer Cosby, whose career has been marked with distinction. Col. Cosby is the first of the administration bachelors to announce his engagement, and in the fall Miss Yvonne Shepard, daughter of Mrs. Charles R. Shepard of New York and Washington, will fall heir to the position vacated by the withdrawal of Mrs. Bromwell.

Miss Shepard is tall and svelte, her well-carried head is graced with quantities of silky, fair-brown hair, and her pretty complexion is set off by the taste Miss Shepard displays in the selection of the color of her gowns. She wears large hats, flower trimmed, and long, sweeping gowns, which accentuate the graceful slenderness of her figure.

As the wife of the President's aid and constant attendant, Miss Shepard will be thrown constantly in association with the White House family, and her adroitness and social graces will be put to a severe test in the carrying of a role not less influential than difficult.

Gen. Bell's Wife a Power. As wife of the chief of staff, Mrs. J. Franklin Bell will have a high position in the full tide of the official season.

Not content with standing at the head of the social ranks of armydom, Mrs. Bell is no less popular with the diplomatic as well as the congressional and presidential set. As a great friend of Mrs. Edison Bradley of New York, who is in touch with the smart life of the little coterie of the rich and important who come to Washington each winter to enjoy its season.

Gen. and Mrs. Bell last winter took possession of a commodious home at Fort Myer and there throughout the season Mrs. Bell challenged the admiration of society by the conduct of a series of delightful entertainments, her guests including the grizzled veterans who surround the chief of staff, the young officers eager for an opportunity to display their mettle, the debutantes, the foreign "guests" of the nation and the general everyday man and woman who goes in for Washington social good times.

Associated with Mrs. Bell in the social life of the army set is Mrs. Worthen, the attractive wife of Gen. Bell's first assistant. Mrs. Bell's sister, Mrs. Ernest Garlington, wife of Gen. Garlington, is another army matron whose power in society has to be reckoned with. Mrs. Garlington is a pretty fair-haired woman, endowed with a liberal share of the good fellowship and good humor Mrs. Bell displays in such a marked degree.

In the childless home of the chief of staff Miss Sally Garlington, Mrs. Bell's jolly, good-natured and good-looking young niece, has a large and important

WOMEN WHO LEAD IN MRS. TAFT'S SOCIAL LIFE.



MRS. J. FRANKLIN BELL



MRS. CLARENCE EDWARDS

Mrs. Edwards is a slender, delicate-looking woman, whose chief beauty lies in her sweetness of expression, her well-bred air and her lovable manners. She looks at life through two jolly, twinkling eyes and she has sympathy with everybody and with everything that lives, without regard to place or position. Her servants adore her and pay her the sovereign compliment of remaining in her service two decades or more.

A very great-granddaughter of the first white man that settled in the western part of New York, Mrs. Edwards' family, the Porters of Niagara, N. Y., held the original grant of the immense tract of land which included the falls until the taking over of the property by the State government.

Gen. Peter B. Porter, Mrs. Edwards' great-grandfather, served as secretary of war in the cabinet of President John Quincy Adams.

Gen. and Mrs. Edwards' daughter Bessie is a pretty little woman of 16 years, who is a chum of her father and the boon companion of her mother. The Edwards home is a reflex of the character of its owners. Beginning with the general's office on the first floor photographs of familiar friends—men, women and small children—run riot and overflow into the attractive drawing room on the second floor, gay in its dress of sumptuous English chintz and filled with fine old mahogany and interesting things picked up in the out of the way corners of the army of fliers' world.

The Edwardses keep open house in and out of season and aside from dispensing a hospitality as smart as the smartest, Gen. and Mrs. Edwards delight in having friends to lunch or dine en famille.

The Miracle of Polite Persistence.

Says Orison Sweet Marden, writing in Success Magazine. When genius has failed in what it attempted, and talent says impossible; when every other faculty gives up; when tact, finesse and diplomacy has fled; when logic and argument and influence and "pull" have all done their best and retired from the field, gritty persistence, bulldog tenacity, steps in, and by sheer force of holding on wins, gets the order, closes the contract, does the impossible. Ah, what miracles tenacity of purpose has performed! The last to leave the field, the last to turn back, it persists when all other forces have surrendered and fled. It has won many a battle even after hope has left the field.

Confederate commanders in the Civil War said that the trouble with General Grant was that "he never knew when he was beaten." When Grant's generals thought that his army, with only two transports, would be trapped at Vicksburg, they asked him how he expected to get his men out, urging that in case of defeat he could get only a small part of his army upon two transports. He told them that two would be plenty for all the men that he would have left when he surrendered.

It is the man in the business world who will not surrender, who will not take no for an answer, and who stands his ground with such suavity of manner, such politeness, that you cannot take offense, cannot turn him down, that gets the order; that closes the contract; that gets the subscription; that gets the credit or the loan.

He is a very fortunate man who combines a gracious manner, suavity, cordiality, cheerfulness, with that dogged persistence which never gives up.

Before a woman has returned from her wedding trip she has all her plans laid for freeing out his kin, and making a home for her own.



"It was a runaway match, wasn't it?" "Yes, but he couldn't run fast enough. She caught him."

"You ought to save money for your family." "Yes, but—" "But what?" "My family won't let me."—Cleveland Leader.

Poetry is the art of putting words together in such a way as to give them their least possible commercial value.—Puck.

Martha—Don't you think a cookery book is fascinating reading? Maud—Yes, indeed. It contains so many stirring incidents.

She—How was your speech at the club received the other night? He—When I sat down they said it was the best thing I ever did.

Ashley—Do you have much variety in your boarding house? Seymour—Well, we have three different names for the meals.—London World.

"Nobody realizes the immensity of space." Except the man who has to fill a daily half column with alleged humor.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Tell me frankly, sir, what do you think of my daughter's voice?" "Well, madam, I think she may have a brilliant future in water color painting."—Figaro.

Poll Clerk—Mary Gladys Jarley votes ballot number two hundred and — M. G. J.—Oh, wait a moment, please! Give me that back! I want to add a postscript.—Puck.

"You shouldn't treat your boy so harshly; you'll break his spirit." "Well, he'll probably get married some time, and he might as well have it broken now!"—Stray Stories.

"Yes," said the young wife, proudly, "father always gives something expensive when he makes presents." "So I discovered when he gave you away," rejoined the young husband.—Chicago Daily News.

Irate Diner (to waiter who persistently hovers about the table)—What on earth are you waiting for, man? I don't want you. Waiter—Excuse me, sir, but I am responsible for the silver.—Tit-Bits.

Biggs, "11—Why are the tugs on the Wisconsin river like the co-eds who walk up and down State street? Mugs, "12—And the answer is? Biggs, "11—Some toe out, and some toe in.—Wisconsin Sphinx.

"What is your principal object, anyhow," asked the visiting foreigner, "in building that Panama canal?" "Well," answered the native, "we have an idea it will limit the size of future battle-ships."—Chicago Tribune.

"Foreign travel is very improving," said the studious girl. "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "although you can't always tell where a person has been by the pictures on the post cards he sends home."—Washington Star.

Tommy went fishing the other day without his mother's permission. The next morning one of his chums met him and asked: "Did you catch anything yesterday, Tommy?" "Not till I got home," was the rather sad response.

"What?" exclaimed Mrs. Flatfeigh. "You don't mean to tell me you pay a girl \$10 a week for cooking?" "Oh, no," replied Mrs. Urbanville. "We only pay her \$2 a week for cooking. The other \$8 is for staying."—Chicago Daily News.

Professor of Sociology—If this alarming increase in the divorce rate continues, twenty years from now the institution of the home will no longer exist in America. Practical Student—How is that, professor? They all marry again, don't they?—Puck.

"A high financier should be something of an economist, should he not?" "I don't think so," answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "The object of the economist is to see what he can get along with; that of the high financier is to see what he can get away with."—Washington Star.

A boy once inquired why leaves of tables were so called, since they did not resemble leaves in the least. Not having received a satisfactory answer, he thought for some time and then said: "I think I know now; they're called leaves because you can leave them up or leave them down."

"Be sure and keep inside the libel laws," said the city editor to the cub reporter. "The cub's first obituary notice read as follows: 'The alleged corpse of Mr. John Smith, asserted by friends to have lived at No. 113 West Jones street, was said to have been buried at Greenhill Cemetery yesterday.'—Cleveland Leader.

"Look at me!" exclaimed the stout, florid man. "Never a day's sickness in my life! And all due to simple food. Why, gentlemen, from the time I was twenty to when I reached forty years I lived a regular life. None of these effeminate delicacies for me! No late hours! Every day, summer and winter, I went to bed at nine; got up at five; lived principally on corned beef and corn bread. Worked hard, gentle, worked hard, from eight to one; then dinner, plain dinner; then an hour's exercise; and then—" "Excuse me, Bill," interrupted a stranger, who had up to this refrained from entering the discussion; "but what were you in for?"

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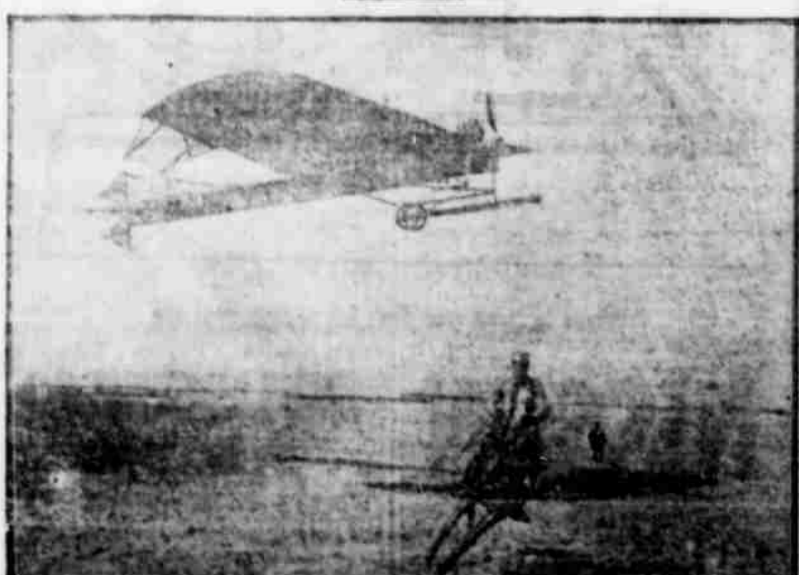
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ARMIES AND THE AEROPLANE.



Remarkable Photograph Showing a Cavalry Horse Shying at the Approach of a Monoplane.